The Department of Music

University of Alberta

presents

A Concert of Chamber Music Compositions

by Blyth Nuttall

Sunday, May 26, 1985 at 8:00 p. m.

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Diversion for Strings and Harpsichord .....(1981)

I. Allegro
II. Adagio
III. Vivace

Violins: Larry Fisher, Hugh Davies, Mary Clark, Roxana Whetham, and Mary Cockell.
Violas: Michael Bowie and Kathy Hogan.
Cello: Diana Nuttall.
Bass: John Taylor.
Harpsichord: Sylvia Shadick-Taylor.

Landscape Songs for Alto and Chamber Orchestra .....(1982)

North Stream (F. R. Scott)
The Lonely Land (A. J. Pratt)
The Pleasant Lanes of Westmount (Charles Benedict)
Street (Alan Brown)
North Stream Reprise

Alto Voice: Deborah Coombe.
Violins: Larry Fisher, Hugh Davies, Mary Clark, Roxana Whetham, and Mary Cockell.
Violas: Michael Bowie and Kathy Hogan.
Cello: Diana Nuttall.
Bass: John Taylor.
Flute: Alan Clark.
Oboe: Don Hyder.
Clarinet and Soprano Saxophone: Chuck Hudelson.
Horn: David Hoyt.
Bassoon: Peter Douglas.
Percussion: John McCormick and Brian Jones.

INTERMISSION

Prelude and Fugue for Brass Quintet .....(1982)

Trumpets: William Dimmer and Gary Guthman.
Horn: David Hoyt.
Trombone: John McPherson.
Tuba: Scott Wetham.

Piano Sonata .....(1982)

I. Moderately Fast
II. Moderately Slow
III. Fast

Piano: Sylvia Shadick-Taylor.

Etude for Electric Bass .....(1982)

Electric Bass: Blyth Nuttall.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Mr. Nuttall.

This performance is in part sponsored by the Music Performance Trust Fund of the AFM through Local 390.

Text of Landscape Songs for Alto and Chamber Orchestra

North Stream by F.R. Scott

Ice mothers me
My bed is rock
Over sand I move silently.

I am crystal clear to a sunbeam.
No grasses grow in me
My banks are clean.

Foam runs from the rapid to rest on my dark pools.

The Lonely Land by A.J.M. Smith

Cedar and jagged fir uplift sharp barbs against the grey and cloud filled sky.
And in the bay blown spume and wind drift and thin bitter spray snap at the whirling sky.
A wild duck calls to her mate and the ragged passionate tones stagger and fall.
And recover and stagger and fall.
On these stones are lost in the lapping of water, on smooth flat stones.

The Pleasant Lanes of Westmount by Charles Benedict

The pleasant lanes of Westmount
By art and nature made;
Connecting streets and avenues so full of grateful shade.
'Tis there pedestrians find relief from noise and smoke and glare.
No growling bus or roaring tram can follow them in there.

Tho' imbedded in cement and twisted from your natur'l bend
Brave city tree live.
For the glory and the grace you lend my humble dwelling place,
For the screen of green,
For the beauty and the pleasure,
For the rapture that you give,
Live brave city tree live.

Here gardens bloom with holly hocks,
Sweet peas geraniums.
Smooth clean cement beneath our feet makes walking here a joy.
No jostling crowds distract our thoughts or sense of peace alloy.
No growling bus or roaring tram can follow us in here.

Street by Alan Brown

The heavy yellow spider
Sags in her delicate octagon
Of glutinous cables silver spok'd
Rain sprinkles and fogs the city at night
Wet leaves under foot
Cling low out of the wind the trees are wet.
And a street lamp like a great yellow spider
Spins about in the shing twigs.
My eyes are flies
Struggling in the bright meshes of the tangled web.

North Stream Reprise

Ice mothers me my bed is rock
Foam runs to rest on my dark pools.